

FANTASTIC FREE GHOSTBUSTER JELLY

MARVEL
23rd Sept 89

THE REAL

N967 40p

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Industries Inc.

GHOSTBUSTERS™



HQ



The hills are alive with the sound of music! No, wait a minute . . . we'd better change that to the radio station is *undead* with the sound of music! Yes, issue 67 of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** tunes up to the *sound of slime* in **Music Mayhem!** Slime is most definitely the word, too, for Winston finds himself having to grapple with a slimy genie in **Winston's Diary!** His mother obviously never told him not to rub strange-looking lamps in need of a polish! Then, along with all the other wondrous goodies in store for you, there is another tale from the crypt when something emerges from a tomb of terror in **The Mummy!** Nothing could be more horrifying, except, of course, for the watery weirdness to be encountered in **Freaky Fish Tank!** No doubt, you will also have noticed the yummy **SLIME SLURP** adorning the cover. The fun doesn't end here, either. Next week we'll be giving away some **FREE TATTOOS!** Yippee!

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE

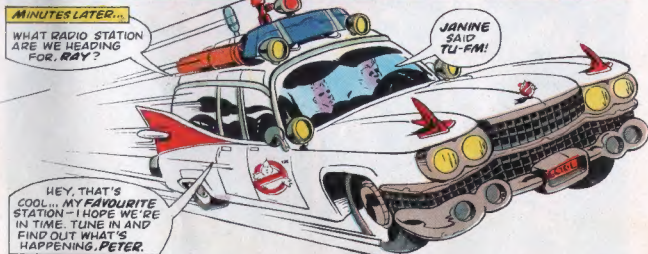
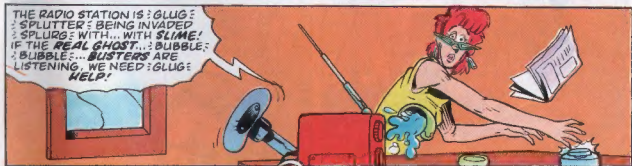
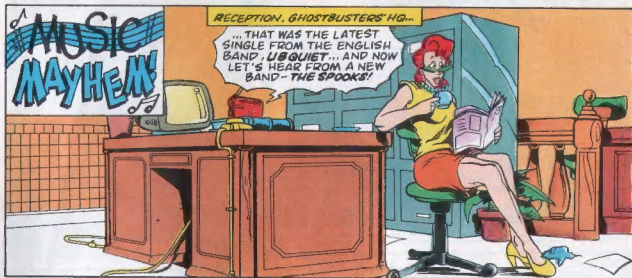


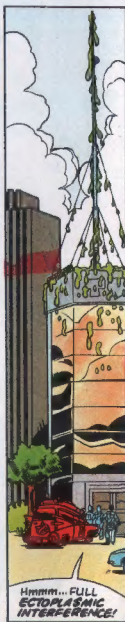
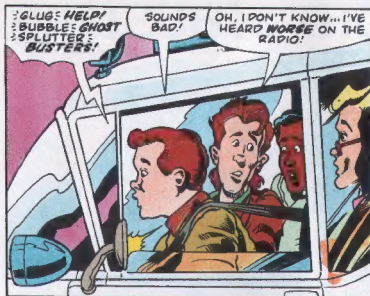
JANINE
MELNITZ

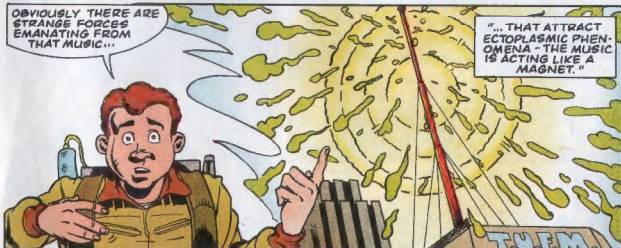


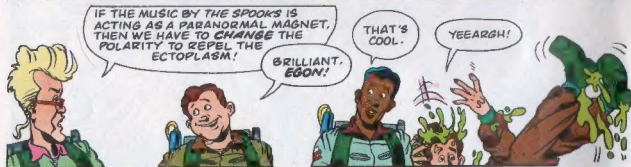
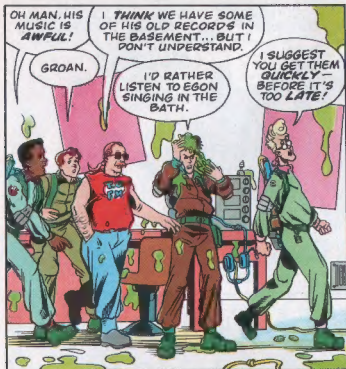
SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™











MARVEL

Doctor WHO

MAGAZINE

1979-1989

OUT NOW!

10TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL ISSUE
ALL-NEW INTERVIEWS · ALL-NEW DALEKS
BLACK ORCHID ARCHIVE · SONTARANS ON PATROL
PLUS ART BY DAVE GIBBONS · MICK AUSTIN · JOHN RIDGWAY · LEE SULLIVAN

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

Crosby Stockpile, an independent record producer, had an interesting experience recently and he kindly sent in a demo tape he'd made to prove his point. He'd been contacted by a musician called Trevor Van Smiggly, a self-proclaimed 'Ax-wizard' who had submitted a tape of his apocalyptically vigorous guitar playing in the hope of getting a recording contract from Mr Stockpile. Van Smiggly's was, according to Crosby Stockpile's tutored ear, "A fine and dynamic exhibition of virtuoso, iron-clad art-glam rock with a tip of the hat to the masters of the genre who were his predecessors." This is clearly something we'll have to take Crosby's word on. To my untutored ear it sounded like a sleeping bag full of cats and stirrup pumps being energetically whipped on a trampoline with a length of elasticated hawser. Peter went as far as saying "I could make better music by rolling a bucket of scissors down the fire escape." Ray went one further and remarked, "Turn it off before I rag it," while Winston added for good measure, "If I hear any more of that stuff my ears will bleed, I swear it." Anyway, the point of all this is that when Crosby Stockpile arranged a meeting with Van Smiggly to sign him up, he discovered to his



PART 67

considerable surprise that the 'Ax wizard' was in fact a Full-torso, Free-roaming Class five phantasm. Or, as Crosby Stockpile put it, "A freakin' spook wid no legs!"

TREVOR VAN SMIGGLY: AN AFTERLIFE IN ROCK

As far as freakin' spooks with (sorry, 'wid') no legs went, Van Smiggly was charming and polite. He hoped that Mr Stockpile was not unduly put off by his lack of anything non-gaseous below the hips and fervently wished that his 'post-demised' status, together with the faint scent of toasted lettuce, would not endanger his chances of getting a break into rock music. To his credit, Crosby Stockpile got over the initial shock pretty well and at once signed Van Smiggly

up, on the grounds that this was something rock music had never done before. Van Smiggly eagerly introduced his new producer to the band, and they then ran through a forty-five minute set that laid down the tracks that would be on the first album.

CHARTBUSTERS

The rest, as they say, is history. There can be few of you out there who haven't got a copy of *'Slippery when Slimed'*, Van Smiggly's album that is now at the top of the charts. It includes such classics as *'Little Red Courgette'*, *'Aardvark Never Hurt Anyone'*, *'Soiled with a Curse'*, and the number one success *'The Hills are Undead with the Sound of Music'*. Particular praise has gone to the band's keyboard player, Ernie 'Pointy Teeth' Shapiro and their drummer and Class seven pit demon, Xalythurgur 'Joe-Bob' Xalkfuthgurr.

Which only goes to show that death needn't be a bad career move. Incidentally, *Rolling Rock* magazine reviewed *'Slippery when Slimed'* in the following way: "Somewhere between a sack full of cats and a bucket of knives ... loud enough to burst your ear drums ... unholy row ... loved it." Whatever you say, guys ...

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art JOHN MARSHALL and DAVE HARWOOD

Friday, September 15th, 1989

So, I was sitting in ECTO-1, minding my own business, when Egon came crashing across the bonnet with a Class nine Para-Demon roaring and screaming at him not to be so boring. Egon, boring? Never. A little scientific? Maybe. Just a shade too literal? Perhaps just a touch accurate? He definitely has no idea about how other humans think (such as Janine, our receptionist/secretary), but he's never boring. I mean, how many people do you know who try to trap a Class nine Para-Demon with the words, 'This is going to hurt me more than it hurts you, you unfortunate ectoplasmic aberration!'

Anyway, I thought I'd better give Egon a hand, or maybe another Proton Gun because that was more helpful. I could see that the Para-Demon was starting to steam up Egon's glasses with his hot, sulphur breath, and Egon *hates* that sort of thing. Before you could say 'Gozer was a wimp in purple underwear,' I let fly with a well aimed Proton Beam. The demon flew backwards into the wall of the antique shop he'd been haunting, wailing something about 'Unfinished Business', then got the full blast from Egon's gun too.

I don't think I'll ever really get used to seeing a nine foot tall creature disappear into an electronic Ghost Trap only a foot long. Especially when it shouts "I'm not done yet, human weaklings!" that things become really weird. "What do you think it meant by that?" I asked, as Egon examined the smoking trap.

"Hmm. Possibly some second demonic influence still pervades the mercantile premises the first was in. The PKE levels seem to support this theory . . ." which was Egon's way of saying there was another ghost in the antique shop. That's Egon – never use a simple word when a complicated one in a sentence an hour long will do. "Will we need the others?" I asked, checking my Proton Gun as we made for the door of the rundown old shop. "That demon nearly had us then – if the other one is just as powerful . . ."

"I'm only detecting a residual but

prevalent level of PKE activity," murmured Egon, studying his PKE Meter which buzzed frantically. "Possibly some lesser demon in attendance to the larger one." Good guess, but wrong.

The shop was badly lit, dusty and full of all sorts of antiques. Stuffed animals, china, silverware, British Police Boxes, that sort of thing. Egon scanned the room, then pointed down a darkened corridor to some back room. "In there," he said. "I'll go first," I replied. "Let's shoot first, and save the kind thoughts for later, this time round, shall we?"

This part of the shop was even darker, but the room was lit by a single bulb, with no other ways out, not even a window. There was another light, too – coming from an ancient lamp standing on a table. "Ali Baba must be in," I joked. "That's where the PKE readings are coming from," Egon replied, walking up to the table and peering at the lamp. "Fascinating. Early Symrkian Dynasty if I'm not mistaken."

It looked just like an old lamp to me, and I said so. There were things far more dangerous round the room, I thought, than a rusted old lamp in need of a good polish. I pointed at the larger stuffed Grizzly Bear that towered over us, or the shelf of dolls that looked like they were all going to leap up and attack us. The rows of bottles with strangely coloured liquids in them. "Check those out," I said, picking up the lamp. "I'll whistle up a genie to tell us where the real danger is." So I broke one of my rules – don't fool around with the paranormal in enclosed spaces. Egon gave a quick squeak of dismay, as I rubbed the lamp – it was just a joke, honestly, and a sort of gargled gibber, as a beautiful golden cloud began to come out of the spout of the lamp. "It is a genie," I said. "Lucky me!" Well, I soon changed my mind when two seconds later the door to the room slammed shut and an ominous click as it locked itself. The cloud started to turn to floating ectoplasm – slime, to you. The cloud juddered, blinked and there was a sort of unearthly cough as it turned

green and very squidgy. "Look out!" shouted Egon, but I was ahead of him there. I dropped the lamp and leapt back as the slime made a dive for me, but missed. What it didn't miss was Egon, who was covered in the muck from his head down.



What was really worrying about the slime was that it kept on coming – out of the lamp, I mean. Gallons of it . . . and all sorts of hideous colours. "We could be in serious trouble here," muttered Egon, flicking slime from his hands while retrieving his PKE Meter. The slime was already ankle deep and it didn't look as though it was going to stop. "That demon obviously left the lamp as a trap," said Egon. "We could drown," he added, as if he was announcing some new discovery of a type of mushroom.

"Tell me something I *don't* know," I replied, grabbing the lamp before it disappeared under the slime and holding the spout away from me. I groaned as I felt slime dribble into my boots.

"You'd better think of some way out of this fast, Egon," I shouted. "Or Peter will never let us live it down."

"Hmm. Perhaps if we combined our Proton Packs and set up an inverse electronic grid around the lamp . . ."

"Egon! This is no time for theories. Do something!" The slime was up to my

knees.

"Right. Do you happen to have twenty four feet of electrical wire on you, by any chance?"

I nearly threw the lamp at him. Egon was obviously enjoying the opportunity to think up a few scientific gadgets.

"A pair of dentures and a silver tooth pick?" he asked me.

"What?" I replied.

"Dentures and a toothpick – I could rig up a bio-trisilicate lattice which would possibly negate . . ."

"Never mind the possibles!" I snarled.

"The slime's up to my waist!"

"But this is fascinating, Winston – think of the ectoplasmic energy required to project so much slime through one tiny spout."

"Egon!"

"Maybe a quick blast of Proton Energy would stop it?"

Well, if I understood what Egon was saying, he had to be getting desperate. Then I saw a way out – the bottles of strange liquids. I waded over to the shelf they were on while Egon started muttering to himself. "Now if we encountered a Level Nine Para-Demon, the energy quotient must be at least ten to the power of – have you got a calculator, Winston?"

"No," I said, "But I've got a cork."

"What?"

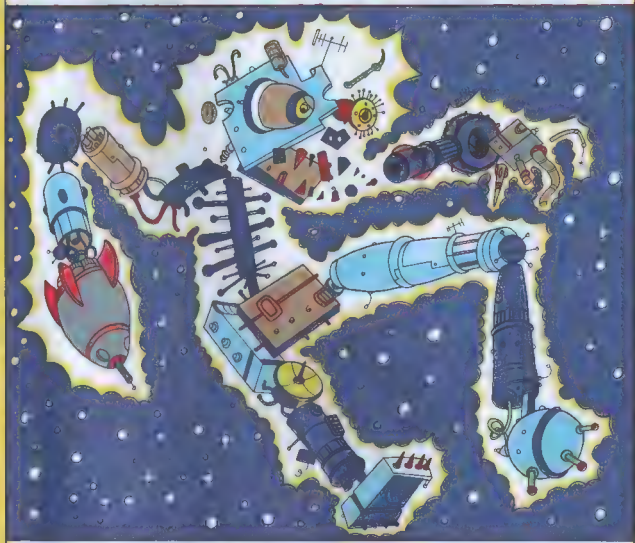
Well, while he had been jabbering away, I'd been trying to find a cork from one of the bottles to stop the spout of the lamp, and I'd found one. Just as the slime was up to my chin, I jammed the cork into the spout. "Saved," I sighed.

"Hmm. Most unscientific," Egon replied.

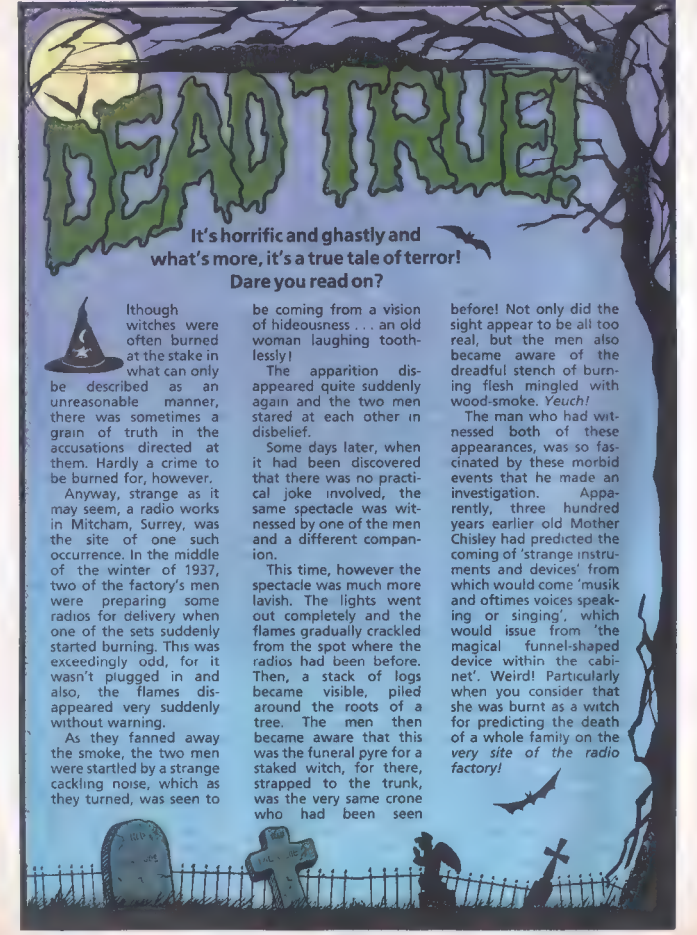
"Now if I had brought a portable generator into the room with us and a large bucket of water . . ."

That's Egon, dangerous . . . but never boring!





they'd had a chance to remove it from the garage, killing them all in the blast. Thus the collective spirits of the group transported themselves skywards to create an extra-terrestrial entity by possessing an admirable collection of space junk. Naturally, the entity was well and truly junked by the Ghostbusters.



DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



Although witches were often burned at the stake in what can only be described as an unreasonable manner, there was sometimes a grain of truth in the accusations directed at them. Hardly a crime to be burned for, however.

Anyway, strange as it may seem, a radio works in Mitcham, Surrey, was the site of one such occurrence. In the middle of the winter of 1937, two of the factory's men were preparing some radios for delivery when one of the sets suddenly started burning. This was exceedingly odd, for it wasn't plugged in and also, the flames disappeared very suddenly without warning.

As they fanned away the smoke, the two men were startled by a strange cackling noise, which as they turned, was seen to

be coming from a vision of hideousness... an old woman laughing toothlessly!

The apparition disappeared quite suddenly again and the two men stared at each other in disbelief.

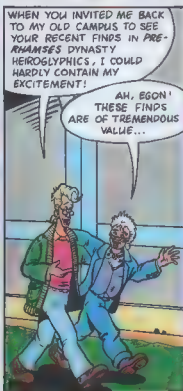
Some days later, when it had been discovered that there was no practical joke involved, the same spectacle was witnessed by one of the men and a different companion.

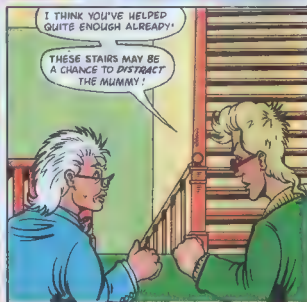
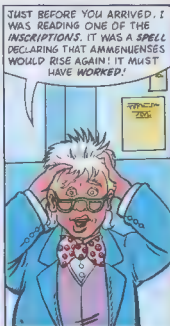
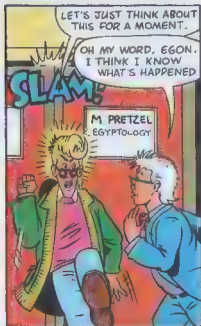
This time, however the spectacle was much more lavish. The lights went out completely and the flames gradually crackled from the spot where the radios had been before. Then, a stack of logs became visible, piled around the roots of a tree. The men then became aware that this was the funeral pyre for a staked witch, for there, strapped to the trunk, was the very same crone who had been seen

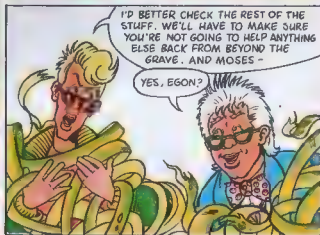
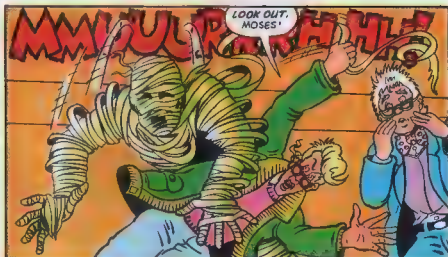
before! Not only did the sight appear to be all too real, but the men also became aware of the dreadful stench of burning flesh mingled with wood-smoke. *Yeuch!*

The man who had witnessed both of these appearances, was so fascinated by these morbid events that he made an investigation. Apparently, three hundred years earlier old Mother Chisley had predicted the coming of 'strange instruments and devices' from which would come 'musik and oftimes voices speaking or singing', which would issue from 'the magical funnel-shaped device within the cabinet'. Weird! Particularly when you consider that she was burnt as a witch for predicting the death of a whole family on the very site of the radio factory!

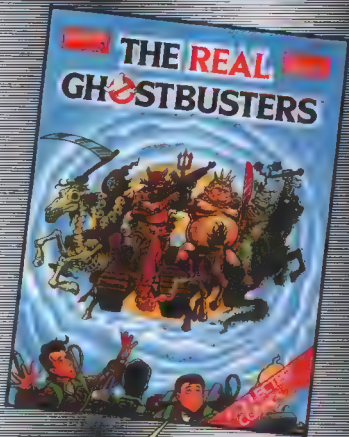
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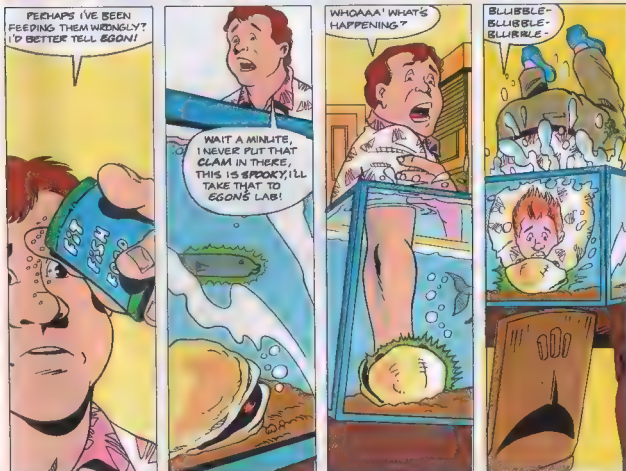
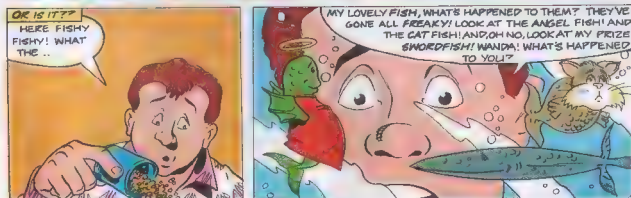


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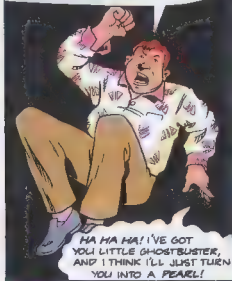
TV SPECIAL
OUT NOW!

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



Story JOHN CARNELL Art ANTHONY WILLIAMS and CAM SMITH Letters STU B. Colouring STUART PLACE

YOU LET ME GO, SPOOK, OR MY FRIENDS
WILL SERVE YOU UP WITH SOME SOY
SALUCE AND EAT YOU!

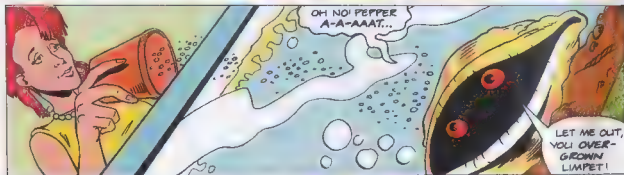


HA HA HA! I'VE GOT
YOU LITTLE GHOSTBUSTER,
AND I THINK I'LL JUST TURN
YOU INTO A PEARL!

WHERE'S RAY
PLUT THAT FISH
FOOD, I BET
THE FISH ARE
STARVING!



AH-HA! THERE
IT IS, TIME
FOR DIN-DINS,
FISHES!



OH NO! PEPPER
A-A-AAAT...

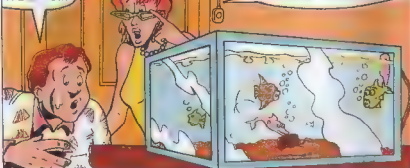
LET ME OUT,
YOU OVER-
GROWN
LIMPET!

AHH, RAY! THERE YOU ARE, WHAT
WERE YOU DOING IN THE TANK?



ERR THE
THE CLAM...
GHOST. ERR!

BUT, BUT,
IT'S IT'S...



COME ON, RAY, SPEAK! DON'T
CLAM UP ON ME!

WOOEEE
EGGGGOOHN!



I DON'T KNOW!
THIS PLACE GETS
WEIRDER
EVERYDAY!



GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Come on, readers. Write to uncle Peter and I'll see if I can fit you into this here column. I can't say fairer than that!

Dear Peter . . .

Can you answer these questions?

1. Is ECTO-2 going to be in a story?
2. Are Egon and Janine going to get together so that we can have a story about it?

— Gary Williams, Thetford

1. Yo! Did you check out issue 63? 2. I am many things, but unfortunately, one of them is not a fortune-teller.

Can you answer these questions?

1. Why don't we see Mr Staypuft in the comic?
2. Why don't we see ECTO-2 in the comics?
3. Why don't we see Janine in the comics?

— Lee Fisher, Staffs

Anything else while we're at it?

I think your comic is brill, but if you don't print my letter, I will send my pet terra-dog around to sort you out!

1. Was the story 'The Copper Kid' based on the hit movie 'The Golden Child'?
2. Will there be any plans to print the Ghostbusters stories that appeared in the 'Bumper' comic in yours?

3. Why don't you make your cartoon strips longer, like the 'Copper Kid' story, instead of the boring two page stories that have no story at all?

— Jason Adams, Birmingham

Jason, threats will get you everywhere! Only kidding, folks!

1. Hmmm, I'll have to get that one out on video. We can't have people ripping off our real life escapades, can we?
2. Now, there's an idea! 3. Look, you wouldn't like it if we filled our stories with unnecessary padding, now, would you?

1. Do you think Slimer should have a girlfriend?

2. I think you should be kind to Slimer. How would you like it if you had a green blob pointing a Proton Gun at you all the time?

— Trevor Clarke, Farnborough

1. Well, we did think so at one time and we went to great pains to find him a girlfriend. Unfortunately, it wasn't love at first sight. Apparently they'd seen each other before.

2. Look, I do not point a Proton Gun at Slimer all the time! I do have other things to do, y'know!

I have some questions for you:

1. In 'Arabian Frights' did you capture all of the spooks?

2. Is the Class Seven Reactive Free-Roader from 'Wild Ghost Chase' now in the Containment Unit?

3. Is 'Dead True!' really true?

— Neville Gray, Athy

1. Nope. They spirited themselves away. 2. Nope again. Ray just couldn't bring himself to bust him. He was so cutesy. 3. Of course! Would we lie to you?

I think you are horrible and cruel to bust werewolves. I am a great lover of wolves. By the way, are you against ladies being Ghostbusters and acting like men? You see, I do, because I'm a tomboy!

— Leanne Geddes

I have to say, Leanne, that there are two sides to every story. You did say that you a lover of 'wolves'.

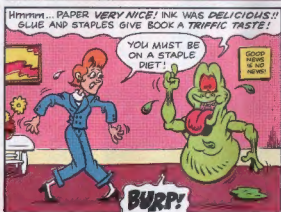
Werewolves are something else. By busting the evil spirit, we can return the possessed person back to their usual self. By the way, I have nothing against tomboys, nor would I have anything against a woman being a Real Ghostbuster, as long as they could do their job properly.

Is 'Tobin's Spirit Guide' a real book?

— David Campbell, Cumbernauld

I should hope so. Egon would be lost without it. But you never know. Maybe he imagined the whole thing!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2

What did Batman say to his dinner?
Dinner, dinner, dinner, dinner, Batman!
— Daniel Bowles, Enderby

Dracula's wife: "I'm going shopping, dear, is there anything I can get you?"
Dracula: Yes, a tie to match the colour of my eyes."
Dracula's wife: *Don't be silly! You can't get blood shot ties!*
— Christopher, Bradford

How do you stop a bull from charging?
Take away it's credit card!
— Ben Mayo, Herne Bay

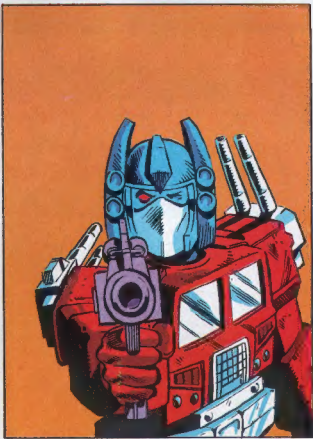
What do you get if you dial 666?
Australian policemen!
— Henry Daw, Hay-on-Wye

What kind of pet has Slimer got?
A Slimese cat!
— James Paul, Holley

THE WAR CONTINUES...



EVERY WEEK IN...



TRANSFORMERS™

NIGHT, NIGHT, HOPE THE BED-MONSTERS DON'T BITE!



FANTASTIC PRIZES TO BE WON!

This is your chance to enter a fabulous competition to win a wide selection of ghoulish prizes. To enter, all you have to do is cut out the coupon and in the following three issues of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, there'll be three more tokens for you to cut out and attach to your coupon. When you have collected all four, you will have to name the object shown and answer some questions. So, don't delay, start collecting now for some truly fantastic prizes. In next week's issue, there will be another token and more competition details - **DON'T MISS IT!**

